

Doraemon's face was a mixture of goofy horror and confusion. He was familiar with Mrs. Nobi's heavyhanded attitude, but this was pushing it.

"Uh..." Doraemon began, fishing for words yet trembling as though a mouse was but a few yards away. "It IS possible, Mrs. Nobi, but... are you sure Nobita won't be.. You know.."

"Scarred beyond all repair, yes" she responded "but that is nothing compared to what they told me at the PTA meeting unless something is done, Doraemon. And even then, as lifelike as it will feel, I'm doing this for Nobita's own good"

Doraemon's ears drooped at her words, his mechanical heart thumping in his chest

with a dull, heavy beat. He knew that she was a strict parent, but this was on another level. He took a deep breath and nodded solemnly.

"Alright," he murmured, retreating to his pocket to pull out a sleek, black gadget. It was the size of a USB stick, with a single red button gleaming in the moonlit room. This was the 'Nightmare Intrusion Probe', a device that would allow them to enter the dreams of the sleeping and interact with the subconscious. Doraemon's tail twitched nervously as he fiddled with the settings, his eyes reflecting the digital display.

Mrs. Nobi hovered over his shoulder, her gaze sharp and unwavering. "Set it to 'Mild Discomfort' for now," she instructed, her voice stern. "We'll increase the intensity if

his grades don't improve."

With a heavy sigh, Doraemon pushed the button to the specified setting and inserted the probe into the base of Nobita's skull. The room around them shimmered and distorted as the boundaries between reality and the dream world blurred. Suddenly, they found themselves standing in a twisted version of Nobita's school classroom. The walls were made of a pulsating, red flesh, and the floor squished under their feet like a giant sponge. The air was thick with a scent of fear and failure.

Nobita sat at his desk, head buried in his arms, surrounded by his snickering classmates. His eyes shot open in terror as Mrs. Nobi and Doraemon materialized before him, dressed in matching black

cloaks. The children's laughter grew louder, echoing through the bizarre landscape.

As the gravity of the situation dawned on him, he tried to stand, to flee from the humiliation, but his body refused to obey. Panic surged through him as he discovered that he was frozen in place, his limbs unresponsive. The cruel smirk on Mrs. Nobi's face grew wider as she strode towards him, a tray of ominous-looking implements in her hand. Each one represented a subject in which he'd fallen short: a ruler for math, a rubber paddle for science, and a wooden spoon for history.

"Let's start with a little game, Nobita," she said, her voice echoing through the nightmarish classroom. "Guess which subject you're about to fail, and I'll spare you the worst of it."

Nobita's cheeks flushed scarlet with embarrassment as he realized he was in his underwear and spread stomach down across his own desk. The children's laughter grew to a crescendo, their eyes gleaming with malicious glee. His mind raced, trying to recall the grades he'd hidden from his mother. "Math," he squeaked, his voice trembling. "It's math."

Mrs. Nobi's smile grew colder, and she selected the ruler from her tray with a metallic clink. "Very well," she said, raising it high above her head. "But remember, Doraemon is only allowing us to cause 'Mild Discomfort'. So, if you wish to avoid the more... persuasive methods, you'd better start studying."

The room grew eerily silent as she brought

the ruler down with a swift, sharp motion. Nobita felt a stinging pain across his backside, and a vivid red line appeared on his skin. His classmates watched, their eyes wide and their smiles fading into shock as the scene unfolded. The ruler made contact again and again, each blow accompanied by a sickening slap that echoed through the twisted classroom.

"Mom, please," he whimpered, "I'll do better, I promise!"

"Ah, but promises are like dreams, Nobita," Mrs. Nobi said with a sneer, placing the ruler back on the tray. "Easy to make, easy to forget." She picked up a thick, leather-bound book titled "The Myriad of Leaves." "Now, let's see if you can remember your literature. Name all the stories from this book, or..." She gestured to the other

implements with a sadistic glint in her eye.

Nobita's mind raced as he frantically recalled the tales from the book. His heart hammered in his chest as he rattled off story after story, each one a desperate attempt to stave off the next round of punishment. His classmates watched with a mix of horror and fascination, some with pity in their eyes, while others reveled in his torment.

The rubber paddle remained untouched, the wooden spoon hovered over his trembling form, but the leather book remained open in Mrs. Nobi's hand. "And what of the 'Tale of Longing for one's Children'?" she asked, her voice sharp as a whip crack.

Nobita's eyes darted around the room,

searching for an escape, but the walls of flesh pulsed in, closing off any avenue of retreat. The air grew heavier with the scent of dread, and his heart felt like it was trying to hammer its way out of his chest. He gulped, sweat beading on his forehead as he tried to remember the story. The laughter of his classmates had morphed into a low murmur of anticipation, a background score to his impending doom.

Mrs. Nobi's voice grew softer, yet more ominous. "Tsk tsk tsk," she clucked, tapping the leather book against her palm. "Nobita, you're forgetting something important." She leaned closer, her breath hot on his ear. "Do you know what this book is about?"

Nobita's eyes widened in panic. He felt a cold sweat break out across his body, his



mind racing through the pages of "The Tale of Genji." But his thoughts were a jumbled mess, and he couldn't find the story she was referring to.

Mrs. Nobi's eyes narrowed. "Nobita," she said, her voice low and dangerous, "you know what happens to boys who don't take their studies seriously." She paused, letting the silence hang heavy in the air like a sword of Damocles. "Your precious manga collection remains untouched for now. But if you don't start taking school seriously, it won't be so lucky."

The room grew darker, and the whispers of the classmates grew to a cacophony of doom. Nobita felt his heart drop to his stomach, his mind a whirlwind of fear and desperation. He could almost feel the cold steel of the gadgets digging into his skin,

and he knew that the next time, Doraemon might not be able to hold back.

"The periodic table," Mrs. Nobi announced, her voice echoing through the red-hued haze. "Name every element, or you'll lose something more than your dignity."

Nobita's heart pounded in his chest as he stared at her, the rubber paddle in her hand a stark reminder of his fate. He began to rattle off the elements, his voice shaking. Hydrogen, helium, lithium... Each one a desperate bid to hold onto the last shreds of his modesty. But as he stumbled over the lanthanides, his mother's expression grew darker, and the whispers of his classmates grew louder.

With a dramatic flourish, Mrs. Nobi smacked the rubber paddle against her

palm, the sound echoing through the nightmarish classroom. "Incorrect," she said, her voice dripping with mock disappointment. "Let's see if a little incentive will help."

The air grew colder, and Nobita felt a strange tugging at his shirt. He looked down in horror to see his clothes dissolving into the fleshy floor, one piece at a time. His shirt vanished, followed by his shoes and socks, until all that remained was his underwear and the paddle looming over him. The classmates' whispers grew to a fever pitch, their eyes glued to the spectacle.

Mrs. Nobi's expression softened ever so slightly. "Nobita," she said, holding up the rubber paddle, "If you can tell me what a quark is, I'll spare you half of your

punishment."

Nobita's eyes widened with hope, his mind racing to his last science class. He took a deep breath, trying to ignore the laughter of his classmates, who had now turned into a sea of malicious faces surrounding his desk. "A quark," he began, his voice quavering, "is an elementary particle and a fundamental constituent of matter."

Mrs. Nobi's smile grew, a twisted mirror of triumph. "Good," she said, "but not good enough." With a swift, cruel motion, she brought the rubber paddle down onto his upturned bottom. The impact resonated through the room, and Nobita yelped in pain. Each blow was accompanied by a chorus of jeers and laughter from his peers, their faces a blur of malicious glee.

The sting grew unbearable, and as he stared down at his underwear, a cold dread washed over him. The fabric had begun to turn transparent, exposing him further to the sadistic eyes of his classmates. He could feel their gazes burning into his skin, their amusement at his plight feeding the monstrous Mrs. Nobi's power.

"Now, Nobita," she said, setting the rubber paddle aside and picking up the wooden spoon, "let's talk history. Who was the first emperor of Japan?"

Nobita felt his throat tighten, knowing full well that his secret academic weaknesses were about to be laid bare. With a tremble in his voice, he blurted out, "Chi 'in Shih Huang-ti," naming the first emperor of China instead. The classroom gasped in unison, their faces a tableau of shock and

delight. Mrs. Nobi's smile faltered for a brief moment, her grip on the wooden spoon tightening.

"Incorrect," she said, her voice like a whip crack in the tense silence. "You know better than that, Nobita. The first emperor of Japan was Emperor Jimmu. But it seems your history is as poor as your math." She took a step closer, the spoon hovering over his now fully exposed body. "Perhaps a taste of the past will make you remember better."

With that, she brought the spoon down with a vicious smack. The pain was unlike anything Nobita had ever felt before. It was as if his entire body was on fire, his nerves alight with agony. He couldn't help but let out a piercing scream, his eyes squeezed shut, tears streaming down his cheeks. His

classmates' laughter grew to a crescendo, feeding the monstrous version of his mother's sadistic glee.

The spoon rose and fell in a merciless rhythm, each smack resonating through the twisted classroom. Nobita's cries grew louder, his voice raw with pain and humiliation. His mind raced to the days spent watching Doraemon's adventures, filled with knowledge and lessons, and he realized with a crushing weight that he had squandered his chances to learn from them.

But as the agony grew unbearable, he felt something within him stir. A defiant spark that whispered, "This isn't right." His eyes snapped open, and he glared at his mother's monstrous form. "STOP!" he screamed, his voice cracking with fury. "I'll

study! I'll be better, I promise!"

Mrs. Nobi paused, the wooden spoon hovering in the air. The laughter of the class faded into a stunned silence. The pulsating walls of the nightmare classroom quivered, as if the very fabric of the dream was surprised by his sudden outburst. The leather belt with "extra credit" etched into it lay coiled in her other hand, a symbol of the unrelenting pressure she placed on him.

Nobita's eyes burned with unshed tears, his cheeks flushed with more than just pain. He saw his mother's expression shift, the cruelty momentarily replaced by something... softer. It was a look he hadn't seen in a long time, not since before she'd become consumed by her obsession with his academic success. "You can do better,



Nobita," she said, her voice still stern but with a hint of compassion. "You are not weak. You are not stupid. You just need to apply yourself."

With a flick of her wrist, the belt vanished, and the classroom began to dissolve around them. The flesh walls melted away, the air grew warmer, and the cacophony of his classmates' laughter transformed into the distant sound of a ticking clock. Mrs. Nobi leaned over him, her eyes searching his, and for a brief moment, she was his mother again, not the monster she had become in his subconscious. "Remember, Nobita," she whispered, "this is for your own good."

The scene shifted, and suddenly he was back in his own bedroom, the sun peeking through the curtains. He bolted upright

with a gasp, his heart racing. His bed was damp with sweat, and he could still feel the phantom sting of the paddle and spoon on his skin. He looked around, panting, the fear from the nightmare still clinging to him like a second skin.

The door creaked open, and in waltzed the real Mrs. Nobi, her eyes filled with concern. "Nobita," she cooed, "are you okay?" He couldn't bear to look at her, not yet. He buried his face in his pillow and sobbed, his whole body trembling with the force of his emotions. "I'm so stupid," he choked out between sobs. "I'm so weak."

Mrs. Nobi sat on the edge of the bed and gently rubbed his back. "Don't say that," she murmured. "You are neither of those things. You just need to focus, to work hard. You have so much potential, my

sweet boy." Her voice grew firmer. "But if you don't start taking your studies seriously, you'll never reach it."

Nobita felt the warmth of her hand through the fabric of his shirt, and something in him broke. He turned to her, his eyes brimming with tears. "I will," he whispered. "I'll do better. I promise."

Mrs. Nobi leaned in and kissed his forehead. "Good," she said. "Now, go wash your face and get ready for school. You've got a big day ahead of you."

He nodded, his eyes never leaving hers. As she stood up and left the room, the last vestiges of the nightmare clung to him, a cold reminder of the consequences of failure. But somewhere in the depths of his soul, that spark of defiance still burned. He

would not be the failure she had painted him to be in his dream. He would not let her down again.